

AAA-FIX

#32

1 November 1986
(All Saints' Day)
(Garhain 9986)

GIVE ME THAT REAL
OLD-TIME RELIGION...



SPECIAL: EIGHTH SUPPLEMENT TO "THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION" INSIDE

Filkers Do It Till Dawn

by Harold Groot 2285 Deborah Dr. Apt. 2 Santa Clara, CA 95058

Verse 8, part II

I still seem to be able to make it to the big cons, but I have almost given up on the little ones. A combination of GAFIA and FAFIA. I made it to the 20th year celebration (TYC) of the SCA, the Pennsic War, and Worldcon, plus about 3 hours of Timecon (which was held about 4 miles from my apartment!). The SCA is having it's own version of cliquishness - closed, guarded encampments. It used to be that you could wander up and down the various lanes, and everybody was close enough to see you (and vice versa). This led to many requests "Minstrel, please play a song for us. Please also sample some of our home-made mead." Nowadays, however, the norm is to find enclosed campsites with armed guards. The people inside can't even see who's wandering by. I'll grant you that I almost never get turned away if I ask permission to enter, but it just isn't the same friendly atmosphere. It may even be more period, but I don't like it. I always thought that one of the charms about Pennsic was that it didn't matter who you were camped next to, it was a chance to meet new friends.

Worldcon had a lot of good filking. There were a couple of small rooms, a medium room, and a large room. It usually wound up with a semi-group sing in the large room and a semi-midwest sing in the medium room. My first night (Thursday) I was invited into the midwest sing, with the Passavoys, Bill Roper, Juanita Coulsen (I think), and several other friends that I hadn't seen in a long time. The next night I spent more time in the mid-west room, but did less singing as I was catching up on old times with Crystal Hagel. Saturday I stayed in the larger room. It turned into a "No Ose allowed" sing, and was very lively. Roberta and I spent a fair amount of time playing "can you top this", coming out about even. Sunday night I had to leave early. On Monday night we held a sing on the 10th floor (the building was open in the middle, all 40+ floors). Apparently we were disturbing things down in the lobby, because they really cranked up the Muzak. We tried other locations, but wound up back on 10 and just outshouted the Muzak. I gave away 6 or so "full treatment" backrubs that night, finally crashing about 6 AM.

Oh, yeh, new songs. This next one is a bit long, but that's because the book was long. Very long. With very small print. Still, I haven't seen any others written about it, so this may be the first. Dedicated to the Dorsai Irregulars, and all those who have had to put up with them.

The Final Encyclopedia

by Harold Groot
tune - So Happy Together

Em
Their cultures were at war - the gore
D
Spilled over ev'ry town and field - no one would yield
C
Each one knew he was in the right - and so they fight
B7
Like sisters and brothers

One has the will to fight - that's right
One has a faith that never bends - and never ends
One has a new philosophy - and that makes three
Of course, there are Others

E D
Dorsai, Friendly, Exotic can't make it
E D
Without the other two
E D
Someone has to bring them together
E D
Before our race is through

One day there came a boy - ahoy
His ship was found adrift in space - there was no trace
Of whence it came or where or why - they said goodbye
Of clues not a starter

They gave him tutors three - you see
Each one could teach him something new - a different view
A mixture where before was none - he had to run
While they all played martyr

Swim run hide fly up into space
Find a place where you can hide
Hear the voices, make a few friends
Take a raincheck and decide

So now go underground - the sound
Of mining, drinks and people's dreams - and people's schemes
Grow up a bit and learn to lead - and maybe bleed
The miners respect you

Prepare an exit plan - a man
Must trust another when he can - and so you ran
Your teachers had a wisdom strong - though dead and gone
Their voices direct you

Though you've grown you still need more schooling
About the ways of Man
Choose your system, wager your life
And get Friendly - if you can

You're now a man of faith - a base
You meet the one called Child-of-God - you lead a squad
The leader will bring death to all - Child hears the call,
Their forces assail you

They can't escape with it - or quit
You steal the stuff to make them go - they do not throw
Their lives away but you get caught - your brain gets hot
And no one can bail you

Stop the world I want to get off it
But Bleys has Other plans
Run hide fly once more into space
Feel the touch of healing hands

You go to Dorsai world - a girl
Shows you a hearthstone you once knew - you get a clue
To what you were in days gone by - and where and why
It's time to get crackin'

Grey Captains all are there - they swear
They write a contract good and tight - as is their right
They know they can't collect the bill - but even still,
A whole world is packin'

Get a blank check signed by three worlds
Money, faith, and fighting men
Choose one world, abandon the rest
Reunite them once again

One world still has it all - so call
Each splinter reunited here - one quells the fear,
She counteracts the Other side - though she gets fried
She's tougher than leather

Encyclopedia - uh huh
Screens everyone who comes and goes - it really shows
Three cultures who have joined again - the tribe of man
So happy together
So happy together
So happy together
Like birds of a feather
So happy together

(last chord E)

Grace Notes

- Mark - May: Instead of "But outraged moral arbiters...", try "The Moral Majority called me a 'godless swine'". Granted it's specific, but I don't think any of our readers will object.
- Roberta - May: Actually, although we like to think of fans as something really special, most other groups I've been in would also come through with cash in such a situation...I'm with you re: parody vs original music. I think it adds to a song when there's an untwisted version. Of course, this doesn't really apply in the "beautiful ballad" style, since they aren't twisted in the filk version.
August: About those streets/cowpaths in Boston - Cows supposedly follow the contours, so it makes sense to let the streets follow their paths. The problem was, the cows were fresh off the boat and seasick (or so the legend goes).
- Rick - The duet would have been somewhere around 3-5 AM Sunday. And if you're like me, you still haven't indexed the tapes. I'm about 2 years behind.
- Harold - Welcome
- Misty - Teaching someone Filk Etiquette isn't all that hard - the hard part is deciding who's version of Filk Etiquette to teach.
- John - Good thing I was able to find the August issue, or I would only have sent 50 copies instead of 60.... "Including some of the better songs" only works if you can track down the authors and get their permission...The fact that there is a reference to God in the fourth verse of The Star Spangled Banner is of interest only to scholars and german spies (for those of you who didn't know, one of the ways used to test a suspected spy was to ask him to sing all the verses to TSSB - the Germans, very patriotic and methodical, knew them. Our guys didn't).
- Margaret - Are you trying for the Guinness Book of Records, or merely trying to increase the national average (a person moves "x" times in their life)?...I see Sharon takes after her mother...
- Matthew - May: After ose comes more-ose, and after more-ose comes overd-ose!

KEEP ON FILKING !

Harold

STRUM UND DRANG

Special Issue

SuD

Samhain

This is a special issue of Strum und Drang, once put out for Apa-Filk by Lee Burwasser, 5409 Hamilton St #5, Hyattsville MD 20781.

The occasion is a bit of collaborative effort reproduced below. If anyone knows who wrote the show-stopper that I've used as chorus, please tell me so I can send a copy.

u n t i t l e d

We strolled into the filksing with our songbooks in our hands
and introduced ourselves to all that enterprising band.
The lady with the git-box said: "We all love Leslie's stuff,
But comes a time ya gotta say, Enough is just Enough.

"We don't sing 'Banned from Argo' any more.

We don't sing 'Banned from Argo', 'cause we think that song's a
bore.

We sang it at the last con back, and at the one before:
we don't sing 'Banned from Argo' any more."

The next one said: "We're not yet over Dorsai-song O.D.

The same for Janissaries, and the rest from A to Z.

You military businessmen who hawk your human wares,
the market for your services is still extremely bear.

"So don't sing us 'Fal Morgan' any more.

Don't sing 'Lost Dorsai' either, 'cause we think it's all a bore.

You sang it at the last con back, and at the con before:
so don't sing us 'Fal Morgan' any more."

The next one said: "We're awfully sick of Comyn and Laran;

of all that mystic heritage and all those murky plans.

For those who simply must have songs of towers and magic stones,

Off Centaur has a bunch of tapes that you can play at home.

"Don't sing 'Horsetamer's Daughter' any more.

Don't sing 'Horsetamer's Daughter', 'cause we think that song's
a bore.

We sang it at the last con back, and at the con before:
don't sing 'Horsetamer's Daughter' any more."

We didn't find these rules were such a burden to obey,

and songs rolled 'round the circle as the evening wore away.

As midnight came upon us, one or two said, "Hey, guess what?"

The rest of us ignored them with a silence you could cut.

We don't sing "Save the Queen" any more.

We don't sing "Save the Queen" because we think that rite's a
bore.

Propeller beanies, Vulcan ears, and all that went before;
we don't sing "Save the Queen" any more.

Lee Burwasser
and ????

= 2 =

L a n g u a g e L e s s o n

Pronounce it SA-win, or SA-vin -- but **not** "Sam Hane"!

P L U G

If anyone hasn't yet seen the **Second Wurm Wald Post-Revel Songbook**, you might keep an eye out for it. It has some SCAdian filk--including one of my own, so each copy brings me something like a half-cent royalty--but also some actual old stuff. Child ballads and the like. Also things like "Cockles and Mussels", but . . .

Sources, chord charts, circle of fifths to help out the neo researcher and the neo performer.

MidWesterFilk is said to be in the wind.

SING&PIEL 32nd Stanza Mark L. Blackman, 1745 East 18th Street #4A,
APA-Filk #32 Brooklyn, NY 11229-2113 / 718-336-3255..10/27/86

Atlanta got even with me for that cover last issue. Instead of the Sunny South, we encountered chilly, damp weather. I came down with something, and was unable to last much past midnight, so I didn't get to the filksings (which Harold Groot raved about), though I caught some of it on closed-circuit tv. (A rather nifty idea, though it did interrupt some parties as people watched the Hugos and Masquerade.)

Filk as the music of the people: Walking down Flatbush Avenue to Marc Glasser's BeyondTheCon party, John Boardman & Charlie Asbornsen launched into "The Happy Family" (tune best recognized as "Deutschland Über Alles"), unexpurgated ("Father has an anal stricture, Mother has a fallen womb"), while I pretended not to know them. Later, on the near-deserted Eastern Parkway, John illustrated accents by discussing the rhyme scheme of a verse from "The Good Ship Venus" ("The captain's other daughter/...water/...quarter"; incidentally, the same rhyme scheme may be seen in an Australian WWI ballad quoted by TS Eliot in The Waste Land: Porter/daughter/water/daughter/).

----- &ING&PIEL#31: In her
- THE MELODY LINGERS::Comments on APA-Filk #31 - APA-Qzine, Lee Burwasser
----- reported that there was

livelier filksinging at Disclave Sunday night, about Trek, Darkover and filk itself; a "show-stopper" she remembered:

We don't sing "Banned from Argo" anymore.
We don't sing "Banned from Argo" 'cause
we think the song's a bore.
We sang it at the last con back, and at
the con before.
We don't sing "Banned from Argo" anymore.

JERSEY FLATS/Roberta Rogow: "Indy Jones Diet Song"? Lo-cal monkey brains? // It doesn't seem like there's any wretched tv show without its (fan-fic-writing) devotees. //

For the record, NYCOne had one change of hotel and date, and ~~unfortunately~~ no change of Chairman. A NYCOne tape is indeed in the works. // Nice song. How many ex-anti-War folks are running computers for defense industries? ("Don't say that he's hypocritical. Say rather that he's apolitical. 'Once the rockets are up, who cares where they come down? That's not my department,' says Wernher von Braun." --Tom Lehrer)

KEYED UP/Rick Weiss: Nice speaking with you; sorry we missed you when you were out here. Glasser's party was delayed a week because of Yom Kippur. // The Old Frontier had its sad songs, why not the Final Frontier? (Or was it the carrot cake that made everyone cry?) // You're welcome to include me in your Filker's Directory. Off-Centaur already has me on its mailing list, so no harm would be done. // Can we get Jordin contributing again?

ANAKREON/John Boardman: What's this rumor that the copy count is going to 60? Seriously, I hope participation (not just readership) follows suit. // Despite how long it dragged on, the Vietnam War inspired no rousing patriotic songs (other than the forgotten "Ballad of the Green Berets") or "songs of separation and home-coming" as did WWII, but many anti-war songs. // Speaking of yuppies, at the Philadelphia Folk Festival, I'm told, Tom Paxton sang a (what we would call filk-)song "Yuppies in the Sky": "In ten years we're gonna have one million lawyers / How much can a poor nation stand?" One guess how the chorus went. // National Lampoon (7/86) ran the following ditty on Mrs Marcos in its "Letters" section: Im-elda, Im-elda, (Which reminds me, NY fan Richard Segal is working on Imelda, she take an annotated Allan Sherman Songbook.) // I believe the our money and song you are referring to in your comment to Mike Rubin run to Hawaii! is "The Crash Space Jig" ("Go down to the desk and pick up one more key"), a collaboration miscredited solely to Glasser. mb

JERSEY FLATS # 9November 1986

Roberta Rogow, P.O. Box 1124, Fair Lawn NJ 07410

HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION

or

How to go to Atlanta and not see more than two square blocks of it.

Things happen very fast around my vicinity...When last we wrote, I was about to tape my first recorded fanzine. I've now got TWO of them...Plus a brand-new REC-ROOM RHYMES OMNIBUS...

All of which happened within three weeks of WorldCon, so I couldn't possibly get it into the last communication. Basically, Scott Merritt of Pegasus Productions called and asked if I had any of REC-ROOM RHYMES #4 left. I didn't (not enough to make a difference) so I had a counter-proposition: would he do the publishing job on RRR-Second Omnibus, which I didn't have financing for, since I was doing tapes these days? He'd do it, IF I revamped the illos and added "notes and comments" about where to find the music, etc.

Sooooo....I sent panic calls all over the country (Can I rerun your illo? WHAT? you sold it to WHO? For HOW MUCH!!!!) and rounded up my Faithful Artists, JEan Ellenbacher and Jackie Pratt (always have an artist within walking distance of your home)...and sent the whole package off to Scott in two weeks. And heard NOTHING for the next two weeks, until I found him at the Dealers' Room....But I'm getting ahead of the story.

The main problem was to try to get two disparate persons (Shirley and Adrienne) onto the same plane at the same time, when both of them are of a somewhat authoritarian nature (let's be honest, they're both Damned Bossy!) and Shirley has difficulty moving quickly. And the plane is about to take off, and I get nervous....And both Shirley and Adrienne got us seats, except that Shirley forgot about Adrienne, and Adrienne forgot about Shirley.. How am I supposed to sit with two people at once?

Atlanta airport is Something Else. For one thing, it's huge. Forget Kennedy....O'Hare.. LAX...this place has its own subway! That talks to you yet! IT also has moving stairways and sidewalks that don't move. It also has a baggage carousel on the opposite side of the terminal from the place where the airplane landed. (To quote Kathy Sands..."And around and around and around goes the luggage/ Red bags and white bags and none of them mine...") And there was a furious argument over whether we should save a few bucks and wait for the shuttlebus or take the taxi and be done with it! With ten boxes of 'zines, plus three suitcases, plus my guitar, plus the assorted totes, needlework, and the heat...we took the taxi (a euphemism: it was basically a station wagon, and we needed it!)

Reaching the hotel was a trip into Alice In Wonderland: you had to bypass the place, go down and round and back-track, and around again...We did manage to sort everything out, and joined the line at the Hilton...where the following scene was repeated ad infinitum:

TREKKIE: "It's Roberta! *shreik*"

RR: "Hi! I'm at the Hilton...are you filking (costumeing) tonight?"

TREKKIE: "Sure, when do we start? What are you doing for dinner? Have I got a story for you! What have you got in the Boxes? etc, etc."

Shirley: "We have to get up to the room"

Adrienne: "When do we pay for it?"

TREKKIE: "Let's have dinner..."

RR: "See you at Trader Vic's at six".

This scene was repeated often enough so that at the appointed hour twenty of us descended on Trader Vic's for an exotic repast. Meanwhile, having ascertained that most of the "business end" of the Con was across the street at the Marriott, and located my table in the Hilton Basement Huxter area, I led the gang across the street (a trip we were to make many, many times) where I had to tell Registration that my feckless daughter had sold her membership in the last week, but I had no idea to whom! So that if someone came in with a membership for Louise Rogow, it wasn't her, but it was still OK.

While I was doing this, Shirley was finding out that being slightly disabled was no handicap at this WorldCon. She got a badge (plus one for Helper) that let her onto lines and into bathrooms ahead of anyone else, and got her the best seats in the house to hear Ray Bradbury and watch the Hugos. The Atlanta Committee was very generous about this; they later told me there were nearly 100 people at the Con who used the badges, and were able to get about quite nicely.

Dinner at Trader Vic's was, as I have said...exotic. Not as expensive as the super-joint on the roof (where you got soup at \$5.50 a bowl), but comfortably lush. Most of the conversation was fannish, with story conferences over the pressed duck with plum sauce.

Then on to the Filk Concert. I missed Juanita Coulson (drat!) but got to hear Frank Hayes and Leslie Fish...alas, Fish was in a political vein, drawing considerable wrath from Old-Left Shirley. We got out before the explosion....

Thursday: Set-ups and hang-ups. I finally got hold of Scott Merritt, who showed me the new REC-ROOM RHYMES SEcond Omnibus. It is BEAUTIFUL! A plastic binding that snaps off so the pages can be entered in those three-ring binders. Most of the illos did well...and I was able to hand out the "freebies" to various people at the Con. Scott took some of the RRR tapes as well....I drooled over most of the Pegasus and Off-Centaur product, and didn't dare buy ONE lest I lost total control. I started selling Stuff...and as soon as I sold out of something, someone else came along: "Could you find room on the table for just one teensy 'zine?" Trek, Star Wars, Darkover, The Phoenix, Dr. Who, Magnum PI, and various mixed media...plus BEYOND..., of course. I was busy at the table while Shirley got on with her business, which was the "World-building" series of panels.

Thursday Night Filking: three rooms going at once! I was in a more-or-less Bardic Circle.... Kathy Sands, Matt Leger, and several others in attendance. Everyone with a book of filks to sell! (See the list at the end of the Report!) By midnight I'd had it...so had the voice. I looked in on one of the other rooms, where Juanita was holding forth...The best "Green-eyed Dragon With 13 Tails" I'd heard since John Charles Thomas (I sing it, too, but I don't count MY rendition).

Friday: Also known as "Star Wars Time". I got into floor costume, so that I could do my thing at the Star Wars meeting. Also the "One-Shots"...I accompanied Kathy Sands on "Round goes the Luggage" and then did "The Marching Song of Bard Di Asturien's Army"...and had to run across the street AGAIN to close down the table...and then BACK across the street to hear Ray Bradbury's speech. The Grand Old Man was very upbeat (unlike his stories) telling about his adventures with people like John Huston (he does a lovely impersonation of Huston luring Talent to Ireland)...urging us (the SF community) to take an active part in whatever comes along, because you never can tell what it might lead to. I almost got lured back to the Filking Rooms, but I had promised to look in at a party or two, and I still had to settle about my memberships in NOLA Con and the next NorEasCon...so Shirley and I went party-hopping in the Hilton. One look at the see-through elevators in the Marriott was enough to cure me of any thoughts of getting into the Con. Suite...the outside elevators in the Hilton were better than the usual acrophobe's delights: at least they had a little railing around the outside. The Marriott looked like leftover sets from the remake of Flash Gordon.

Saturday: Trading is hot & heavy. And along comes Lori Chapek-Carleton with FIVE more boxes of assorted fanzines! I never did get to the "Official" fanzine room, but Shirley said the selection was meager compared to what Devera Langsam and I were able to come up with between us. The hassle was the TAX...maybe no one in the Georgia Revenue Dept. would know or care, but just to be on the safe side, I collected it. 5% is easy enough to calculate.. just move a decimal point and divide by 2. Just don't ask me to itemize!

Saturday Programming: Shirley raised her voice at the SPWAO meeting: Why didn't they take a table at World-Cons and sell their own publications? (I have the uneasy feeling that Shirley may be stuck with that particular job!) I got to the "Genres" panel... and so on to the Hugo Awards, where I learned a lot more about the Life and Times of Bob Shaw than I really wanted to....and Lester Del Rey refused the award for Judy Lynn Del Rey, on the grounds that if they wanted to give it to her, they should have done it when she was alive to enjoy it. And there was the sight of Harlan Ellison, speechless... he'd just spent 2 hours telling people why he wasn't going to win a Hugo, and there he was holding one...

Saturday Filking...More Bardic Circles. Kathy Mar, Juanita Coulson, et. al. And yes, I DO have to "top" songs, when I can (if it's not a strict circle)..because I don't get the chance too often!

Medical note: Everywhere I looked there were baby-fen...nursing mothers to the right and to the left. Kathy Mar with a baby on each knee and the guitar in the middle! Is this a trend? Or are all the ex-Trekkies just growing up?

Sunday: Going into the Home Stretch here. And where, by the way, was the Sunny South? For 5 days all we'd seen was RAIN...and it was the coldest August it had been since the Civil War. This is that state that was declared a Drought Disaster Area????

I finally got to a panel...on SF and Children. Most of the panelists were dead to the world (NEVER schedule anything heavily intellectual on Sunday Morning!), and the audience was made up equally of Specialists (Librarians and teachers) and Laypersons (Parents). I wished I could have stayed longer, but I had to get back to the table. Suddenly I got a lot more influx from people who had been selling "off the arm" and now decided to let me "deal". And I finally snagged Fish for a brief conference on the Great Andorian Novel.

Food note: Ghu bless the dried-fruit concession! I lived on that, the cheese-and-crackers combos, and the cheap fast-food line at the Hilton. There wasn't really any place close to the hotel to get cheap food FAST...the Marriott cafe was located on the see-through floor (FORGET IT!) and the lines at the Hilton coffee shop were endless. There was rumored to be some kind of mall over the hill....I never saw it!

Sunday Costumes: Or, what to do when the lights go out! The problem was that the ballroom was long and narrow...and the people beyond the first row couldn't see anything of the costume. Yes, there was the video...but it was blurry, and you couldn't see details. It took three attempts and five engineers before they figured out a way to light the back two-thirds of the hall and keep the front third dark enough to show the costumes effectively. Thanks to the pre-judging, and advance registrations, there were only 60 or so costumes, making for a much shorter Masquerade than usual. According to John Upton (who was doing the photo duties), the Con Committee had fallen down on this end of the deal...I sat out the Masquerade, since the only costume I had wasn't quite ready for this kind of display, and had already won for Most Humorous...and I was dropping with fatigue. No filking for me on Sunday...I not only didn't have any voice left, my fingers had gone on strike as well. Once the presentations were over, Shirley and I bopped over to the Hilton and had a snack at the Coffee Shop before turning in.

Query: where was Adrienne? Who Knows? I caught a glimpse of her...briefly...and she was off and running again.

Monday: Pack-up day. Query: how come, when I arrived with ~~ten~~ boxes of 'zines and sold five did I leave with nine? Thank all those nice people who loaded me up with oddments to schlepp back to New York! Panic time: the tape I'd brought with me for repacking the boxes turned out to be the kind that you have to moisten...and it didn't hold. Send to the stationary store for more tape...FAST! Now's the time to work deals for all the stuff I didn't sell...place BEYOND... in various SF bookstores around the country, give Scott more tapes...Get to the plane...and HOME!

It must have been a great Con...I was totally exhausted...but RICH! Paid off the printer, paid off everyone I owed money to from last year. Even paid off my APA-Filk bill!

I wish I'd been able to filk more; I wish I'd seen more of the Art Show (I got to it Sunday night, when there was nothing left but dregs, and THEY looked good). I wish I'd had more time to chat with people...but I did land some new artists for GRIP, and I did meet some filkers, and I did get the chance to hear some good stuff...

And if you want to do the same, here are a few of the books I picked up:

STARSHIP TROUPERS. ED: SOURDOUGH JACKSON, 31 RANGEVIEW DR., LAKEWOOD CO. A SMALL 'ZINE ABOUT FILKING; VARIOUS COLUMNS AND APAS ABOUT EVERYTHING FROM FILKING MANNERS TO THE HISTORY OF FILK TO TRENDS AND PORTENTS. \$3.00 PLUS POSTAGE.

DEMENTED, DERANGED AND DEGENERATE FILKSONGS. ED: MATT LEGER, 314 S. JEFFERSON DAVIS PKWY, NEW ORLEANS LA 70119-6232. OH, THEY'RE NOT THAT BAD! MOSTLY MEDIA, WITH SOME "INUJOKES" AND D&D THROWN IN. HE'S GOT THREE OF THEM, \$1.00 EACH, PLUS POSTAGE.

FILK'ER UP. ED: LEE GOLD, 3965 ALLA RD, LOS ANGELES CA 90066. MORE MEDIA, COMPUTERS, SPACE SONGS, ETC. GOOD OL' FILK! \$3.00 PLUS POSTAGE (I THINK...BY THIS TIME I WAS GETTING FUZZY)

AND IF YOU WANT TO SPEND IT, REC-ROOM RHYMES SECOND OMNIBUS IS \$9.00 PLUS POSTAGE.

AND..IF ANYONE HAS DANIELLE LITES' ADDRESS...I SENT HER SOMETHING, AND IT GOT SENT BACK! HELP! SHE BOUGHT THE REC-ROOM TAPE TWO, AND I WOULD REALLY LIKE TO GET IT TO HER BEFORE SHE TRASHES ME IN FANDOM FOR THE POST AWFUL'S STUPIDITY.

NO FILKS AFTER THIS CON; MORE WILL FOLLOW.....

KEEP ON TREKKIN-----

Roberto Regan

Issue #1

DOWN AND OUT
IN BOSTON &
PRINCETON

August 13, 1986

Harold Feld
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Newton Ctr
Ma 02459

Harold Feld
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GREETINGS DEPT

This is the first issue of DAU and my first fanzine, so bear with me on any typos or ridiculous gaffs. Just chalk it up to the typical freshman errors and smile a lot. As for the double address, I will be at P.O. all school year, but I can always be reached through my parents address.

APPOLOGIES DEPT

This is actually my second contribution to APA-Filk. My filk "The Last of the Stewards" was in APA 31, but it appeared without any background. As I mentioned before, I'm new at this. I hadn't even heard of APAs until I met John Boardman at Nyclone last July. (A very fun but *tiny* con). One of the panels was a panel on APA's; unfortunately for the fans at the con (or fortunately for me), I was the only one there besides the panelists. I got so charged up from hearing about all this stuff that right after the con I ran to my word processor, dashed off the filk (which some of you may remember from Nyclone), and sent it in. All without ever reading APA-Filk to find out what it should look like. OOPS!

This issue will probably be very different from all the other issues in this collation since I'm writing it before Worldcon. Because of the new page count, I need to photocopy all this before I leave my job (with the unlimited Xerox access) to go back to Princeton.

COMMENTS DEPT

Cover/?-- Very nice. What filk is "While we were marching through Nostor!"? Why are the Union troops rubbing their bellies like Napoleon?

\$ing\$piel/Blackman-- is there a tune to that last filk ("When a fan is out pursuing...")?

Jersey Falts/Rogow-- Glad to hear that there's another Rec Room Rhymes tape out. "Hotel Search"-- how true! (but you don't have to drive through those cow paths every day!). What exactly do you mean when you appologize for "taking over the filk" at both Lastcon and Nyclone? Aren't Bardics supposed

to have someone keeping everything from reverting to its natural state of entropy? (Every circle needs a keeper!)

Rick's Cat: Americall/Weiss-- Love the title! I'm glad to hear about the Challenger memorial tape and hope to get it at Atlanta. Is there a tune to "No Playback tomorrow"? I'm glad that someone is putting together a Filking Directory; hopefully, you will have received my info by the time you read this.

Taking Notes/Doyce-- Four ending to you bash/?!!

Anakreon/Boardman-- I liked "Corn". In a way though, I feel sorry for Bruce Springsteen. If any one ever listened to the whole song, instead of just the chorus, they'd discover it was really an anti-government song criticizing U.S. involvement in Vietnam. "High Screech the Sopranos" is mine, not Roberta's. I will be glad to give a full text as soon as I find out wheather or not it will be in NESFA vol III. Which filk was "Fans on the Sofa".

RANDOM COMMENTS DEPT

While I hate to join a debate in the middle (I prefer to start them then go out for pizza), I'm going to add my two cents on the original music vs using existing music discussion and come out against requiring original music in filk competitions. Original music is a wonderful thing, and my admiration for people like Leslie Fish who can and do write their own music is unbounded. However, I know that I could never do that, since I have no knowledge of music and cannot play a musical instrument. Furthermore, I can't write a filk unless I have a tune in mind. (My method of writting a filks is: I happen upon a tune I really like so I put words I like to it.) The majority of filk songs are from recycled music. Where would our country be if Francis Scott Key had gotten tied up in a copyright suit with the Anacreontic Society? (I heard a version of the "Star Spangled Banner" sung to the tune of "A thousand Bottles of beer on the wall." A what if Francis Scott Key had chosen a different drinking song to use for the Star Spangled Banner. Shudder!) If there are going to be filk contests with awards, the best way to do it might be to give awards for "Best Filk" and for "Best Original Music".

Are there any conventions on the east coast that are exclusively filk cons? I heard someone at Philcon say they planed on organizing one and volunteered to help, but I haven't heard anything from him since. Am I just ignorant? If there haven't been any, why not? If anyone knows about an all ready existing Filkcon on the east coast or is planning one, please write to me. While I have no money to back such a con, but I am willing to put in time organizing/doing nescasary drudge work.

NEW FILK DEPT

I wrote this Filk at Mycivore with Sara Willig when we heard that Nancy Lobowitz was having trouble finding a place to stay. We decided to offer her crash space with us if she needed it (she didn't), and the thought of squeezing in one more person inspired this. It keeps on coming to mind as I scramble in preparation for Worldcon.

"Dam Over Troubled Waters"

By: Harold Feld and Sara Willig

Music: Bridge Over Troubled Waters by S&S

(Last 2 lines of each verse are repeated)

We hop from con to con,
feeling cramped.
Give twenty friends, a lift
in our old Volvo.
Come share some laps, (hammm)
if you need a ride.
Like a dam over troubled waters
our car overflows.

When you're tired,
feeling zonked.
The movie room, is closed
come crash with us.
'Cause we don't care (Hmmm)
at every single con.
Like a dam over troubled water
our room overflows.

When the con is done
we've spent our dough.
It's Sunday night, we're tired
and we're heading home.
If you don't have room, (HHMMMM)
in your duffel bag.
You can use our trunk.
Like a dam over troubled water
our trunk overflows.

IN CONCLUSION...

By the time you read this, I will hopefully have seen you in Atlanta. If not, hope to see you at either Philcon or Armida Council (provided they accept my registration.)

Live Long And Prosper!

Harold "the BEM of Aldebaran" Feld

"I answer for Dahlquist!"

ANAKREON

#32, APA-Filk Mailing #32

1 November 1986 (Samhain 9986)

THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION

(Eighth Supplement)

The chorus is sung after every verse.

560. The covens have been audit-
Ed, but Jesse Helms ain't bought it,
'Cause the Salem preachers fought it,
And that's good enough for him. (LB)

CHORUS: Give me that old-time religion,
Give me that old-time religion,
Give me that old-time religion,
It's good enough for me.

561. He is sponsoring an amendment
For the rev'nooers close attendment,
For the witch loophole's suspendment,
Hanging's good enough for him. (LB)

562. Let us worship Dionysus
About fun he liked to teach us
About wine he wrote his thesis
And that's good enough for me! (CA)

563. Let praise be sung to the Lady
Though her past's a little shady,
She's the goddess for the eighties,
And that's good enough for me. (CA)

564. Good old Orcus was the top man
Was a governin' Etruscan
Old G. G. thinks he's a demon
And that's good enough for me. (CA)

565. Robert Sacks, while feeling random
Tried to be the god of fandom
The idea of SMOFing grabbed 'im
And that's good enough for me! (CA)

566. Let us sing of old Dan Palter
Though to him there is no altar
West End Games will never falter
And that's good enough for me! (CA)

567. Let us all worship C'thulhu
He'll be found in the hotel pool
Worship him and he won't eat you
And that's good enough for me! (CA)

568. Let us now move on to Hastur
Tell him that he's lord and master
If you don't there'll be disaster
And that won't be good for me! (CA)

569. Let us bow down to Yog-Suggoth
Let us bow down to Yog-Suggoth
He'll put a goose in every pot
And that's good enough for me! (CA)

570. Let praise be sung to the Old Ones
All they want to do is have fun
And to stay out of the bright sun
That's good enough for me! (CA)

571. Let us all praise Aphrodite
'Cause she's pretty, wild and flighty,
And she sleeps without a nightie
And that's good enough for me. (CA)

572. You may fly on Witches' brew
Or a broom might get you through.
I'll take a Cessna 152
Or a Piper Cherokee. (RG)

573. Some will grumble "Life's a bitch;"
Others sing that "Life's a beach."
And I'll say that "Life's a Beech
"(craft) Bonanza" preferably. (RG)

574. "Travel light" means pack a dagger
And a case or two of lager
In an old Luscombe taildragger,
And it's off to P. S. A.! (RG)

(continued on p. 3)

PAGAN NOTES

This is the ninth collection of verses in ANAKREON for that Pagan filksong, "That Real Old-Time Religion". These collections are now annual, and appear in every fourth Mailing of APA-Filk, an amateur press association for those who like parodic songs, particularly of a humorous or sardonic sort. ANAKREON is the quarterly APA-Filkzine of John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226-5302. The other three issues of each year (on the firsts of February, May, and August) are devoted to filksongs of other fields, but the 1 November issue is exclusively "That Real Old-Time Religion" and other Pagan songs and filksongs. The issues of ANAKREON which carry these verses also circulate through Pagan-APA, which will get copies of this one in due course of time for its next Mailing.

Several regular readers of ANAKREON have noted that the quantity and quality of the verses in these collections have declined since the first one was published in ANAKREON #6 on 1 May 1980. There are several reasons. For one thing, the enthusiasm

This is of Neo-Paganism seems to have declined since the first burst of growth in the 1970s. For another, all the better verses in existence have been printed already. (In fact, sometimes I don't check carefully enough, and a verse I have already printed in a previous issue have been sent in as new verses in substantively unchanged form.) For yet another, new verses are not being composed with any particular regard for rhyme, meter, or the general scheme of these verses. An example, see RG's and CA's verses in the present collection. To judge not only from these verses but also from advertising jingles and popular songs, two words are considered to rhyme if the vowel sounds in them are nearly the same. As for meter, forget it. These are not the faults of the verses' authors, but of the general lack of standards in literary composition, particularly poetry, which characterizes our time. (The last three Nobel Prizes for Literature that were won by authors writing in English went to Patrick White, Saul Bellow, and William Golding. Does that give you an idea? Furthermore, Robert Graves, who passed from among us last December, and wrote rigorously disciplined poetry, never got the prize.)

The key to initials of contributors is:

CA - Charles Asbornson
JB - John Boardman

LB - Lee Burwasser
RG - Rus Gulevitch

561. This refers to an amendment to the new tax law that is designed to prevent Witches, Pagans, Satanists, and other people real or imaginary who offend Senator Helms's Christian sensibilities from getting tax exemptions.

565-566. CA is having some fun at the expense of two local science-fiction and wargaming fans. "SMOF" means "Secret Master Of Fandom", which is an attempt to do to science-fiction fandom the same thing that Herman Slater tried to do to the Craft.

567-570. These are yet more verses honoring the deities created by Howard Phillips Lovecraft (1890-1937) in his fantasy stories. "Yog-Suggoth" should be "Yog-Sothoth". According to Arthur Jean Cox, the name "C'thulhu" was pronounced by Lovecraft as "K-lüt1-lüt1".

572-582: RG has recently taken up flying, and is invoking the names of various private planes and navigation aids. He explains that Cessna, Piper Cherokee, Beechcraft Bonanza, Luscombe, Aeronca, and Stearman are various makes of small planes, while Aeronca and Bellanca are the successive makers of the Citabria. "The Rutan is an extremely futuristic aircraft that comes as a kit - about 500 hours of assembly required." VORTAC, ATIS, and UNICOM are various navigational aids or communications systems used by pilots. "A taildragger has its third wheel on the

(continued on p. 4)

(continued from p. 1)

575. I would love an Aeronca,
Citabria or Bellanca,
Though it hasn't got a honker
It's good enough for me. (RG)

576. With the wisdom of a Wotan
Burt Rutan designed the Rutan.
Rutan's really rootin'-tootin'
And good enough for me. (RG)

577. I would love a small Ercoupe,
Though it wouldn't hold a group,
And it cannot loop-the-loop,
But it's good enough for me. (RG)

578. Near the Gods, and nowhere near man,
Where I will not see or hear man,
'Mis the skies in a Stearman
Is where I want to be. (RG)

579. When the night is murky black,
And I'm off the beaten track,
I'll invoke the god VORTAC,
And he'll beam a guide to me. (RG)

580. Fortune-tellers would have status
If they weren't so full of flatus.
But the oracle of ATIS
Is known for accuracy. (RG)

581. In a circle we will hum
The sacred syllable of Om,
But up here it's UNICOM
For winged cats like me! (RG)

582. Pennsic wars ain't big by half
And the SCA's a laugh
When compared with CAF
(Now THAT's one you oughta see!) (RG)

583. Milo Bloom may love to bellow:
"Down with Senator Bedford!"
But he doesn't hate the fellow -
Just wants to see him hanged! (JB)

584. There's the lawyer, named Steve Dallas,
Who's too cocky with his phallus.
Don't you pass to him the chalice
'Cause I ain't drivin' him home! (RG)

585. There's the teacher, Bobbi Harlow
Who might not have all her Marlow,
But she sure can land a hard blow
On lawyer Dallas's chin. (RG)

586. Women love the Penguin Opus.
They invite him: "Come and grope us."
And they love to tweak his tuckus,
Which arouses Penguin Lust. (RG)

587. Binkley's closet harbors legions -
Demons, ghouls, and cheap comedjans,
And they all come from the regions
Of Washington, D. C. (RG)

588. If you're liberal and sappy,
Stay away from Bloom's grandpappy
'Cause the Major's trigger-happy,
And that's not good for you. (RG)

589. Bill the Cat may be a Commie
With red hair-balls in his tummy,
And he made my cat a mommie,
But he's good enough for me. (RG)

590. We will all go ask Varuna
For a better catch of tuna,
For he is the Big Kahuna,
And he's good enough for me. (JB)

591. We will pray to good St. Brigid
That the women won't be frigid,
And the men can all stay rigid,
Which is good enough for me. (JB)

592. We'll vow Jumala a calf,
For we all admire his - staff,
And he don't do things by half,
And that's good enough for me. (JB)

593. Giant Jarngrim was a Pagan
As peremptory as Begin -
Hope he calls out Ronald Reagan,
And that's good enough for me. (JB)

594. Worship airplanes? Yes, for I
Think of them as gods on high,
For they rain death from the sky,
Which is God enough for me! (JB)

595. Pakkanen son of Puhuri,
Spare us from the blizzard's fury,
As through winter storms we scurry,
And that's good enough for me. (JB)

596. If for crafts you have a flair,
As you work just name in prayer,
Ilmarinen, son of Air,
He'll be good enough for thee. (JB)

PAGAN NOTES (continued from p. 2)

tail end. It's easier to take off and land on grass strips, and is what REAL pilots fly." SCA is the Society for Creative Anachronism, and CAF is a comparable organization for old-plane fans, the "Confederate Air Force". The CAF owns and flies a fleet of World War II aircraft which they show off at air meets. "CAF is wonderfully egalitarian - every member is a Colonel." To see my comments on this enthusiasm see #594.

583-589: These verses refer to Bloom County, the popular comic strip by Berke Breathed.

591: As most Pagans know, "St. Brigid" is really the Goddess, given a quick disguise and smuggled into Christianity by some Irish Pagans of the Dark Ages who preferred this to being buried at the stake by the triumphant Christians.

593: See Brenna-Njal Saga, Chapter 133.

*

The next collection of verses will be in ANAKREON #36, which will be published on 1 November 1987 and will be a part of the 36th Mailing of APA-Filk. If you compose, or run across, any more verses please send them to me by the beginning of October 1987 so I can have time to organize them and get them printed.

Previous collections of these verses were printed in ANAKREONS #6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 20, 24 & 28. Write for information.

ANAKREON #32

(John Boardman

234 East 19th Street

Brooklyn, NY 11226-5302

FIRST CLASS MAIL

The Verse Adder Strikes Again #1



Charles Asbornsen
2026 E55th St.
Brooklyn, NY 11234-????

Hi There!!! This is my first attempt at publishing filk, and since I live so close to John, I decided, "What the heck?". Also, I realize that John will publish ANYTHING. I might as well endear myself to all of you right from the start by writing some comments.

Sing\$iel : Just when you thought the filksong was finished (3x), Mark Blackman up and writes another verse.

Jersey Flats : You were GREAT at World Con! I'd love to hear you sing of Grimes' sexual exploits. I think I'll write a song called "Shameless Plugs" in honor of your five minute long (or so it seemed) plug of RRR20. It's a very nice book, but some of the songs are rather esoteric. The bibliography (?) in the back is quite informative (I'd love to see 'Vader Gets Fat'. It IS fun to move furniture.)

Keyed Up : Glad to know another Atari man. Did you ever play SSIs War in Russia? I think that humorous filk is far superior to ese, and I don't think it would get a fair shake if voted on against serious songs in a general category at the Hugos. Personally, I'm against filk competition in general, but I suppose we need to get some recognition among general ~~filk~~ fan-kind.

The Last of the Stewards : Did I hear this at World Con? I don't remember. What self-respecting ~~filker~~ filker would sing this at four in the morning? Barret's Privateers does filk well.

Taking Notes : I think the Golds hate me. I sang an extra verse to Lee's "Both Ways Now", during which Barry entered the room, visibly stiffened, and left. Happy belated birthday!

Anakreon : Say, John, is it true that the copy count is going up to sixty? Thank you for all the back issues. Personally I prefer "Hail Columbia" for the Nasty Anthem. I've just started fencing as of this typing. MY LEGS HURT! Are you a Honeymooners fan?

Upheavals : Shameless mugs? A real cutie, this kid.

Cover : For some strange reason, we didn't filk this at Confederation. What is the Space Rabbi ~~amit~~ doing in a Union uniform?

The Verse Adder Strikes Again #1

And now for something basically the same...

BARKEEPER FOR N.A.S.A.

Words : Charles Asbornsen

Music : "ECO FREAKS FOR NASA" By Leslie Fish ("Bringing in the Sheaves")

G C G
We got a note from the bar that is above our troupe,
D G D
And so it seems that they are also a space loving group.
G C G
In Fact, we felt the letter is in fannish form correct;
C D G
They even started it out with all the due respect.

Sing it on the moon! Sing it on the moon!

Launch your lousy filking and sing it on the moon!

So far, this typing job I'm doing reminds me of the day I took a pellet gun and wasted a bottle of white out. It was very impressive, and stupid.

Additional verses to At the Worldcon

Words : Roberta Rogow (verses shown by Charles Asbornsen)

Music : "The Bowry" by J. P. Sousa

C G7
The hour was late one Fine World Con night,
C
And I was looking to get tight.
G7
I heard a party, to it I flew,
C
I saw people drinking down Tullamore Dew. (pause...)
G7
Leslie Fish, Larry and Frank were there,
C
Melodies carried throughout the air.
G7
I tried to join in and I got a group stare.
C
Now they won't let me sing anymore.

The Verse Adder Strikes Again #1

At the World Con, The World Con,
 They say such things and they do such things.
 At the World Con, The World Con,
 I'll never go there anymore.

At the World Con I did explore
 All the way up to the thirty-ninth floor.
 I looked down and began to euke:
 Chef's salad with French dressing and a cake. (Not Leslie's)
 It made a lovely green cascade.
 You'll never imagine the mess it made.
 I bombed eight valets and a maid,
 So they won't let me in anymore.

In fairness to myself, I was in bad voice at the con. It might have
 had something to do with the flight down. We landed in very low
 cloud cover, and my heart was in my throat. I'd like to take this
 time to thank Captain "Bud" McKendrick of Delta for keeping me
 alive. (You must admit the name dosen't inspire confidence...)

Here's my bit for D&D:

Words : Lee Gold (Additional verse : Charles Asbornsen)
 Music : "Both Ways Now"

Oaken clubas and stringy hair,
 And there was only one per lair,
 Oh, he could always kill his share;
 The Ogre was of old.
 But now his dice are four plus four,
 Ne match for my eighteen strength score,
 Three round until he hits the floor;
 And I will take his gold.
 I've looked at Ogres both ways now,
 In books and games and yet somehow,
 It's their seclusion I recall.
 I've never known Ogres... at all.

OK, that's
 enough.
 See you at Philcon!
 Charlie Asbornsen



Polytechnic

The Verse Adder Strikes Again #14

This is a late addition to my 'zine. It's a bit of subway filk. It was written on the 2 train which usually goes to Flatbush Avenue's junction with Nostrand Avenue. For some strange reason, it was rerouted to Utica Avenue. We actually got off at the Franklin Avenue stop, but Newkirk has such obvious rhymes...

This song appeared in Pandemonium #110 under the title 'This Train Is Stuck In Brooklyn'. There have been some lyrical adjustments since then.

"Lines of Brooklyn" by Charles Asbornsen © 1986

To the tune of "Men of Harlech" Traditional Welsh

On the two train, stop your crying,
Hope that the conductor's lying;
We'll make Flatbush, or die trying,
On the IRT.

God help us, it seems to be true:
This train's bound for Utica Avenue;
Pardon me, I'm feeling quite blue,
On the IRT.

Let's pile off at Newkirk,
Rats! It's time for Jim Kirk!
So calm your fears,
Dry off your tears;
It's not your fault that they are doing track work.
Riding these trains
Rattles you brains.
I hope the old cars can take the strain.
I write filks without a refrain
On the IRT.

← Copyr. - The 'Copyright'
Police' ie Chaz
Below, have
informed me
that 'c' is
unacceptable.
For it to take,
a copyright
must either
be Copyr. or
Copyright.
CA

The Verse Adder Strikes Again #1½

Polytechnic

Did you ever dare ride the R?
One slim dollar will get you far,
On a broken graffitied car
On the IND.

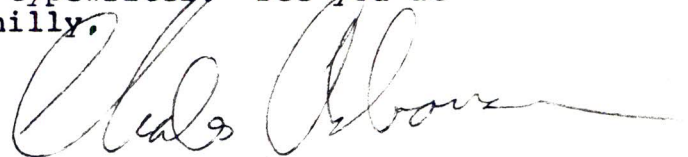
Ninety Fifth's as far as you go.
Astoria's in Queens you know.
Get to sit next to a Hobo
On the IND.

(Alt : Write a story,
win a Hugo)

This train's lost in Brooklyn.
This train's got us cookin'.
We all may die,
We'll surely fry.
For a new line now we must start lookin'.
Bound for glory?
Bound for gory!
That's the truth behind the story!
Take my advice, ride a lorry,
Not the IND!

There used to be another verse, but I eliminated it because of sheer stupidity. Anyone who wants to add your favorite subway line to this song is free to do so. In fact, please do so. If you can think of something to rhyme with 'F', I'll thank you profusely and in public.

I'd like to thank the Poly Reporter for their loan of a typewriter. See you at Philly.



Charles Asbornsen.

*P.S. The third verse should be in the 'one-shots' at
Beyond the Car, for anyone interested in stupidity.*

The Verse Adder Strikes Again #1 3/4

or

by Charles Asbornsen
also known as :

The Worst of APA Filk #1

The Fan Science Fiction Forgot

The reason for this hasty addition is unknown, even to me. I do wish to thank Vinny for the Tully's. I have some anti-smurf songs to inflict upon you, along with a clipping from the October 20th Daily News. I wonder how long the good doctor will have until he receives notice from some Fundamentalist group that he is scheduled to be burned in effigy on a pyre of vile D&D books and rock records... I await with baited breath for John Boardman's REJAKREJAKREJAKREJAK... excuse me, that happens time to time... as I was saying, John Boardman's analysis of the situation. Speaking of which, John, Mark and I were taking the sub to the Lunarians and were discussing those handouts of John's you know, the fundamentalist nuts who publish those little comic books that tell of D&D players selling their souls to Old Nick in return for good die rolls, etc... Well, I looked down on the floor to see what was sticking to my feet, and speak of the devil...

GARGAMELE'S SONG

by Charles Asbornsen Copyr. 1986
to the tune of "Drunken Sailor"

What shall I do with a captured Smurfette,
What shall I do with a captured Smurfette,
What shall I do with a captured Smurfette, earli in the morning?

Chop her up into cute little blue chunks... earli in the morning!

Way, hey, this ain't for kiddies... earli in the morning.

Drop her in a blender and make her a blue shake...
Take a hot needle and drain her eyeballs...
Make her watch Gilligan's Island reruns...
Squash her flat with a copy of Dhalgren...
Run her over with a Lionel train...
Test out those new Ginsu knives...
Paint her all over with bright white corflou...
Stuff her in a microwave and watch her explode...
Tie her up and leave her on the G train...
Leave her in the path of a charging Basselope...
Drop her from a tower and watch her splatter...

I'm sure you get the general idea. For some reason, I was feeling

'Dungeons' Helpful

Dungeons and Dragons, the elaborate role-playing fantasy game that is often criticized for leading young minds astray, is a helpful experience for most young adolescents, says Dr. John McDermott, a psychiatrist at the University of Hawaii School of Medicine.

A study of youngsters who play the game shows that it "helps them explore different parts of themselves and experiment with new roles, offering a way to learn how to solve problems," McDermott told the annual meeting of the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry.

The game is dangerous only for children who have serious problems to begin with, he says. Such "high-risk" children may get into trouble by distorting the purpose of the game, he explains.

super sadistic today. Here, with my apologies to Vinnie Bartellucci,
are some more verses to God Damn the Smurfs.

Blue folks are what I hate.
They'll be cancelled, you wait!
God damn the Smurfs.
We'd like to torture them,
Cut off their oxygen,
Feed them to a B. E. M.
God damn the Smurfs!

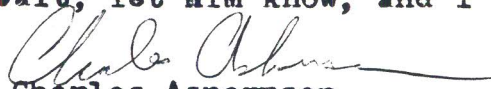
Blue dwarfs six inches tall.
We'd like to kill them all.
God damn the Smurfs!
We have a special brew
That's sure to cure the flu.
We call it Soylent Blue (la machine!)
God damn the Smurfs!

Smurfette we'll terminate;
A truly greusome fate.
God damn the Smurfs.
Into a meat grinder
They will never find her.
Blue hamburgers we'll make of her.
God damn the Smurfs.

Brainy's the next to go...
He'll be six feet below.
God damn the Smurfs.
Then we will grab the boss.
Him, off a roof we'll toss.
He'll become a blue smotch... no loss!
God damn the Smurfs!

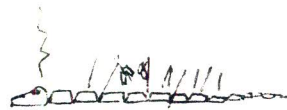
I heard the original at Beyond the Con, and the verse adder just had
to strike! If there are any other verses written that these
accidentally (no, really!) come close to duplicating, I apologize
ahead of time. Actually, I think it's RED JACK, RED JACK, etc...
but enunciating doesn't sound insane enough. Does this make SEVEN
PAGES??? Enough all ready...

If anyone has a new nickname for
Jailbait, let him know, and I remain,


Charles Asmussen,
The Fan Science Fiction Forgot.

P.S. See you at Boskone and
Lorecon!

Would Ya Believe...



The Verse Adder Strikes Again # 1 7/8 ?

This is it. This is the last song in this issue. Honest!

"The sounds of Fencing"

by Charles Asbornsen Copyr. 1986
To the tune of "The Sounds of Silence"

When you're fencing foil, don't rage;
Just make a nice 'V' disengage.

Then make a riposte in rebut.

A front recovery if you fall short.

And if your foe retreats, just continue your ballistrade,
You've got it made.

Those are the sounds of fencing.

If all it takes is a beat

To make him fall back in retreat,

Just continue on your attack.

If you've a saber then take a hack.

And if he drops his point, then forget about chivalry.
That's cavalry.

Those are the sounds of fencing.

As a style, the epee's mean,

It's tough to pierce his defense screen.

But if you are good, you'll hit your foe

On the hand or on the nose or toe.

"Don't touch that epee miss, Oh I'm sorry, but you're a go!
You must fence foil."

That's discrimination.

In saber you can get a welt
On any place above your belt.
It won't be good if you easily bruise.
You'll soon be covered by back and blues.
Watch your footwork or you'll surely trip
out on the strip.
Those are the sounds of fencing.

I wrote this on the D train on October
21st for no particular reason. I guess when
you're only taking eight credits, you have lots of
free time. And free time leads either to
creativity, or to boredom. I dislike boredom.
I only pose one question. Howcom the
elevator doors opened for NOMAD on the
Enterprise when the 'electric eyes' are only
placed six inches off the floor. Read the
~~the~~ design specs.

ROBERTA ROGOW will be at Bill Seligman's
place for the NYCONE meeting (actually, the
NYFAn meeting). There may well be (if I
have anything to say there will be) Filking. Roberts
plays guitar. Bill lives at 667 Rugby Road in
Brooklyn. Nov 22. The stop is Newkirk Avenue on
the D, M, or Q line. The bus stop is Foster Ave
on the B-41. BYOF / B. Approx 8 PM - ?

My Computer and I will be at Philcon.

Charles Chaw

NEW YORK FANDOMS ALLIANCE

ROBERT E. SACKS
4861 BROADWAY 5-V
NEW YORK NEW YORK 10034

SPEAKER: ROBERTA ROGOW

TOPIC: On Fandom

WHEN: 8 pm, Saturday, 22 November 1986

WHERE: 667 Rugby Rd, Brooklyn
(Newkirk Avenue station on the "D" train)

Bring your own refreshments

Announcements should be delivered to the Committee
 $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before the meeting.

Future Schedule

Dec. 27 "Christmas" party

We have this site through February. Meetings are scheduled for 8 pm,
the fourth Saturday of every month (except May - Disclave and CostumeCon).

Volunteers/suggestions for speakers/programs/sites are welcome.

Prior to the Alliance meetings, at 2 pm and 5 pm our host runs a
Fantasy Role Playing campaign called "Argothald". If you are
interested, write Bill Seligman, 667 Rugby Rd, Brooklyn NY 11230,
or call him at 718/859-3941.

